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CHIMNEY CORNER POEMS

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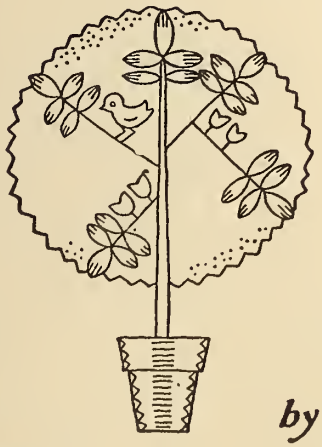

Selected by Veronica S. Hutchinson

With drawings by Lois Lenski

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New York

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To

ANN TERESE MANNING

otherwise

"TERRY"

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CHIMNEY CORNER POEMS

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat

REEDS OF INNOCENCE

Piping down the valleys wild,
  Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
  And he laughing said to me:

"Pipe a song about a lamb!"
  So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again;"
  So I piped: he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
  Sing thy songs of happy cheer:"
So I sang the same again,
  While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write
  In a book, that all may read."
So he vanished from my sight,
  And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
  And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
  Every child may joy to hear.

WILLIAM BLAKE

CRADLE SONG

Rock-a-by, baby, thy cradle is green;
Father's a nobleman, mother's a Queen;
Betty's a lady, and wears a gold ring;
And Johnny's a drummer, and drums for the King.

UNKNOWN

TWENTY FROGGIES

Twenty froggies went to school
Down beside a rushy pool.
Twenty little coats of green,
Twenty vests all white and clean.

"We must be in time," said they,
"First we study, then we play;
That is how we keep the rule,
When we froggies go to school."

Master Bull-frog, brave and stern,
Called his classes in their turn,
Taught them how to nobly strive,
Also how to leap and dive;

Taught them how to dodge a blow,
From the sticks that bad boys throw.

Twenty froggies grew up fast,
Bull-frogs they became at last;

Polished in a high degree,
As each froggie ought to be,
Now they sit on other logs,
Teaching other little frogs.

GEORGE COOPER

THE DAY BEFORE APRIL

The day before April
  Alone, alone,
I walked in the woods
  And sat on a stone.

I sat on a broad stone
  And sang to the birds.
The tune was God's making
  But I made the words.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

THE HENS

The night was coming very fast;
It reached the gate as I ran past.

The pigeons had gone to the tower of the church
And all the hens were on their perch

Up in the barn, and I thought I heard
A piece of a little purring word.

I stopped inside, waiting and staying,
To try to hear what the hens were saying.

They were asking something, that was plain,
Asking it over and over again.

One of them moved and turned around,
Her feathers made a ruffled sound,

A ruffled sound, like a bushful of birds,
And she said her little asking words.

She pushed her head close into her wing,
But nothing answered anything.

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

THE LITTLE TURTLE

There was a little turtle.
He lived in a box.
He swam in a puddle.
He climbed on the rocks.

He snapped at a mosquito.
He snapped at a flea.
He snapped at a minnow.
And he snapped at me.

He caught the mosquito.
He caught the flea.
He caught the minnow.
But he didn't catch me.

VACHEL LINDSAY

HAVE YOU WATCHED THE FAIRIES?

Have you watched the fairies when the rain is done
Spreading out their little wings to dry them in the sun?
I have, I have! Isn't it fun?

Have you heard the fairies all among the limes
Singing little fairy tunes to little fairy rhymes?
I have, I have, lots and lots of times!

Have you seen the fairies dancing in the air,
And dashing off behind the stars to tidy up their hair?
I have, I have; I've been there!

ROSE FYLEMAN

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat,
They took some honey, and plenty of money,
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!
How charmingly sweet you sing!
O let us be married! too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away for a year and a day,
To the land where the Bong-tree grows,

And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

EDWARD LEAR

SLEEP

When he is a little chap,
We call him *Nap*.
When he somewhat older grows,
We call him *Doze*.
When his age by hours we number,
We call him *Slumber*.

JOHN BANISTER TABB

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN

There was an old woman, as I've heard tell,
She went to market her eggs for to sell;
She went to market all on a market day;
And she fell asleep on the king's highway.

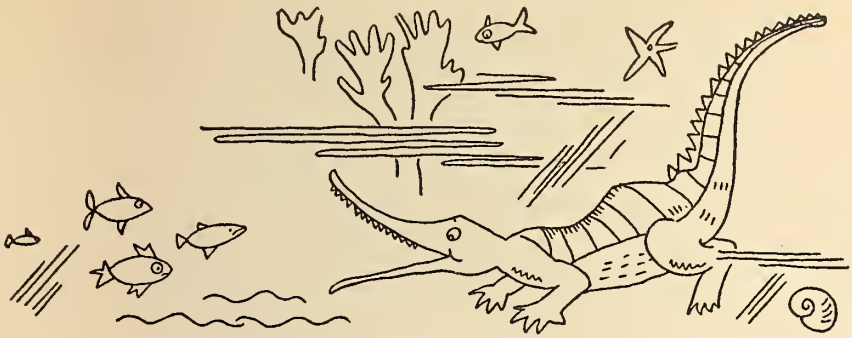
There came by a pedlar whose name was St
He cut her petticoats all round about;
He cut her petticoats up to the knees,
Which made the old woman to shiver and fre

When this old woman first did awake,
She began to shiver and she began to shake.
She began to wonder, and she began to cry,
"Lor-a-mercy, Lauk-a-mercy, this is none of

"But if it be I, as I do hope it be,
I've a little dog at home, and he'll know me;
If it be I, he'll wag his little tail,
And if it be not I, he'll loudly bark and wail!'

Home went the old woman all in the dark,
Up got her little dog, and he began to bark;
He began to bark, so she began to cry,
"Lor-a-mercy, Lauk-a-mercy, this is none of

OLD RH



HOW DOTH THE LITTLE CROCODILE

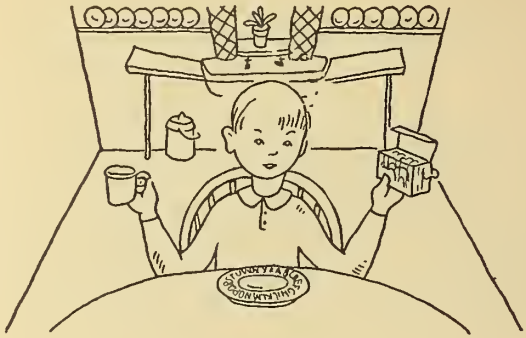
How doth the little crocodile
  Improve his shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
  On every golden scale!

How cheerfully he seems to grin,
  How neatly spread his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in
  With gently smiling jaws!

LEWIS CARROLL

ANIMAL CRACKERS

Animal crackers, and cocoa to drink,
That is the finest of suppers, I think;
When I'm grown up and can have what I please
I think I shall always insist upon these.

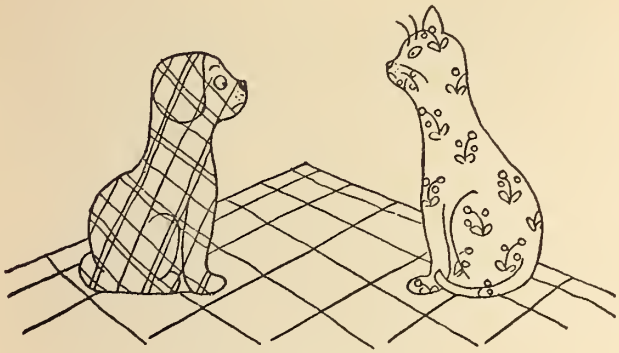


What do *you* choose when you're offered a treat?
When Mother says, "What would you like best to eat?"
Is it waffles and syrup, or cinnamon toast?
It's cocoa and animals that *I* love the most!

The kitchen's the coziest place that I know:
The kettle is singing, the stove is aglow,
And there in the twilight, how jolly to see
The cocoa and animals waiting for me.

Daddy and Mother dine later in state,
With Mary to cook for them, Susan to wait;
But they don't have nearly as much fun as I
Who eat in the kitchen with Nurse standing by;
And Daddy once said he would like to be me
Having cocoa and animals once more for tea!

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY



THE DUEL

The gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'Twas half past twelve, and (what do you think!)
Nor one nor t'other had slept a wink!
The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat.
(*I wasn't there: I simply state*
What was told to me by the Chinese plate!)

The gingham dog went, "Bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied, "Mee-ow!"
The air was littered, an hour or so,
With bits of gingham and calico,
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney-place
Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
(*Now mind: I'm only telling you*
What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)

The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "Oh dear! what shall we do!"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
  Employing every tooth and claw
  In the awfullest way you ever saw—
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
  (*Don't fancy I exaggerate;*
  I got my news from the Chinese plate.)

Next morning where the two had sat
They found no trace of dog nor cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away!
  But the truth about the cat and pup
  Is this: they ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that!
  (*The old Dutch clock it told me so,*
  And that is how I came to know.)

EUGENE FIELD

ROMANCE

I saw a ship a-sailing,
  A-sailing on the sea;
Her masts were of the shining gold,
  Her decks of ivory;
And sails of silk, as soft as milk,
  And silvern shrouds had she.

And round about her sailing,
The sea was sparkling white,
The waves all clapped their hands and sang
To see so fair a sight.
They kissed her twice, they kissed her thrice,
And murmured with delight.

Then came the gallant captain,
And stood upon the deck;
In velvet coat, and ruffles white,
Without a spot or speck;
And diamond rings, and triple strings
Of pearls around his neck.

And four-and-twenty sailors
Were round him bowing low;
On every jacket three times three
Gold buttons in a row;
And cutlasses down to their knees;
They made a goodly show.

And then the ship went sailing,
A-sailing o'er the sea;
She dived beyond the setting sun,
But never back came she,
For she found the lands of the golden sands,
Where the pearls and diamonds be.

GABRIEL SETOUN

WHO CALLS?

"Listen, children, listen, won't you come into the night?
The stars have set their candle gleam, the moon her lanthorn light.
I'm piping little tunes for you to catch your dancing feet.
There's glory in the heavens, but there's magic in the street.
There's jesting here and carnival: the cost of a balloon
Is an ancient rhyme said backwards, and a wish upon the moon.
The city walls and city streets!—you shall make of these
As fair a thing as country roads and blossomy apple trees."
"What watchman calls us in the night, and plays a little tune
That turns our tongues to talking now of April, May and June?
Who bids us come with nimble feet and snapping finger tips?"
"I am the Spring, the Spring, the Spring with laughter on my lips."

FRANCES CLARKE

A TEA-PARTY

You see, merry Phillis, that dear little maid,
Has invited Belinda to tea;
Her nice little garden is shaded by trees,—
What pleasanter place could there be?

There's a cake full of plums, there are strawberries too,
And the table is set on the green;
I'm fond of a carpet all daisies and grass,—
Could a prettier picture be seen?

A blackbird (yes, blackbirds delight in warm weather)
Is flitting from yonder high spray;
He sees the two little ones talking together,—
No wonder the blackbird is gay.

KATE GREENAWAY

BROOMS

On stormy days
When the wind is high
Tall trees are brooms
Sweeping the sky.

They swish their branches
In buckets of rain,
And swash and sweep it
Blue again.

DOROTHY ALDIS

RED ROOSTER

Red Rooster in your gray coop,
O stately creature with tail-feathers red and blue,
Yellow and black,
You have a comb gay as a parade
On your head:
You have pearl trinkets
On your feet;
The short feathers smooth along your back
Are the dark color of wet rocks,
Or the rippled green of ships
When I look at their sides through water.
I don't know how you happened to be made
So proud, so foolish,
Wearing your coat of many colors,
Shouting all day long your crooked words,
Loud . . . sharp . . . not beautiful!

HILDA CONKLING
(*Written at age of seven*)

BUNCHES OF GRAPES

"Bunches of grapes," says Timothy;
"Pomegranates pink," says Elaine;
"A junket of cream and a cranberry tart
For me," says Jane.

"Love-in-a-mist," says Timothy;
"Primroses pale," says Elaine;
"A nosegay of pinks and mignonette
For me," says Jane.

"Chariots of gold," says Timothy;
"Silvery wings," says Elaine;
"A bumpity ride in a waggon of hay
For me," says Jane.

WALTER DE LA MARE

I LIKE LITTLE PUSSY

I like little Pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm.
So I'll not pull her tail, nor drive her away,
But Pussy and I very gently will play.

She shall sit by my side, and I'll give her some food;
And she'll love me because I am gentle and good.
I'll pat little Pussy, and then she will purr,
And thus show her thanks for my kindness to her.

I'll not pinch her ears, nor tread on her paw,
Lest I should provoke her to use her sharp claw;
I never will vex her, nor make her displeased,
For Pussy can't bear to be worried or teased.

JANE TAYLOR

BREAKFAST TIME

The sun is always in the sky
  Whenever I get out of bed,
And I often wonder why
  It's never late.—My sister said
She did not know who did the trick,
  And that she did not care a bit,
And I should eat my porridge quick.
  . . . I think its mother wakens it.

JAMES STEPHENS

THE MOON

O, look at the moon!
  She is shining up there;
O, mother, she looks
  Like a lamp in the air.

Last week she was smaller,
And shaped like a bow;
But now she's grown bigger,
And round as an O.

Pretty moon, pretty moon,
How you shine on the door,
And make it all bright
On my nursery floor!

You shine on my playthings,
And show me their place,
And I love to look up
At your pretty bright face.

And there is a star
Close by you, and maybe
That small twinkling star
Is your little baby.

ELIZA LEE FOLLEN

THE FAIRIES

Up the airy mountain,
  Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting,
  For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
  Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
  And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
  Some made their home,
They live on crispy pancakes
  Or yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
  Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
  All night awake.

High on the hill-top
  The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray,
  He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
  Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
  From Slieveleague to Rosses;

Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again,
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow,
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lake,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there,
Is any man so daring
As dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting,
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

GLIMPSE IN AUTUMN

Ladies at a ball
Are not so fine as these
Richly brocaded trees
That decorate the fall.

They stand against a wall
Of crisp October sky,
Their plumed heads held high,
Like ladies at a ball.

JEAN STARR UNTERMEYER

THE BLACKBIRD

In the far corner
close by the swings,
every morning
a blackbird sings.

His bill's so yellow,
his coat's so black,
that he makes a fellow
whistle back.

Ann, my daughter,
thinks that he
sings for us two
especially.

HUMBERT WOLFE

THE HUNTSMEN

Three jolly gentlemen,
  In coats of red,
Rode their horses
  Up to bed.

Three jolly gentlemen
  Snored till morn,
Their horses champing
  The golden corn.

Three jolly gentlemen,
  At break of day,
Came clitter-clatter down the stairs
  And galloped away.

WALTER DE LA MARE

COME, LITTLE LEAVES

"Come, little leaves," said the wind one day.
"Come over the meadows with me and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold,
For summer is gone and the days grow cold."

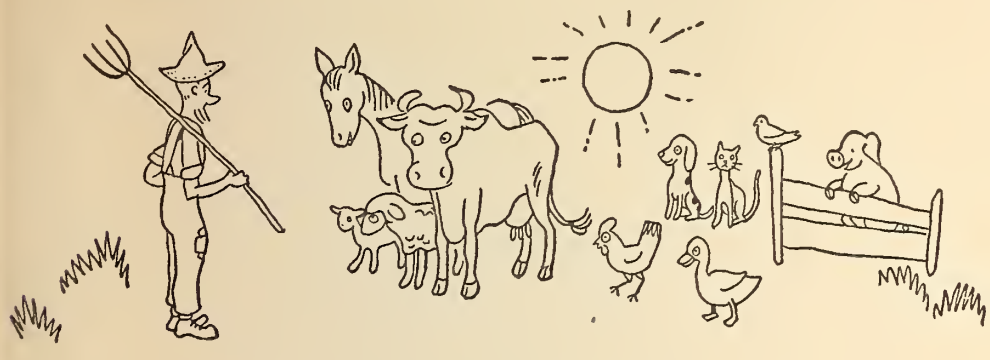
Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call
Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the sweet little song they knew.

"Cricket, good-bye, we've been friends so long,
Little brook, sing us your farewell song;
Say you are sorry to see us go;
Ah, you will miss us, right well we know.

"Dear little lambs in your fleecy fold,
Mother will keep you from harm and cold;
Fondly we watched you in vale and glade,
Say, will you dream of our loving shade?"

Dancing and whirling, the little leaves went,
Winter had called them, and they were content;
Soon, fast asleep in their earthy beds,
The snow laid a coverlid over their heads.

GEORGE COOPER



THE BARNYARD

When the Farmer's day is done,
In the barnyard, ev'ry one,
Beast and bird politely say,
"Thank you for my food to-day."

The cow says, "Moo!"
The pigeon, "Coo!"
The sheep says, "Baa!"
The lamb says, "Maa!"
The hen, "Cluck! Cluck!"
"Quack!" says the duck;
The dog, "Bow Wow!"
The cat, "Meow!"
The horse says, "Neigh!
I love sweet hay!"
The pig near by,
Grunts in his sty.

When the barn is locked up tight,
When the Farmer says, "Good-night!"
Thanks his animals, ev'ry one,
For the work that has been done.

MAUD BURNHAM

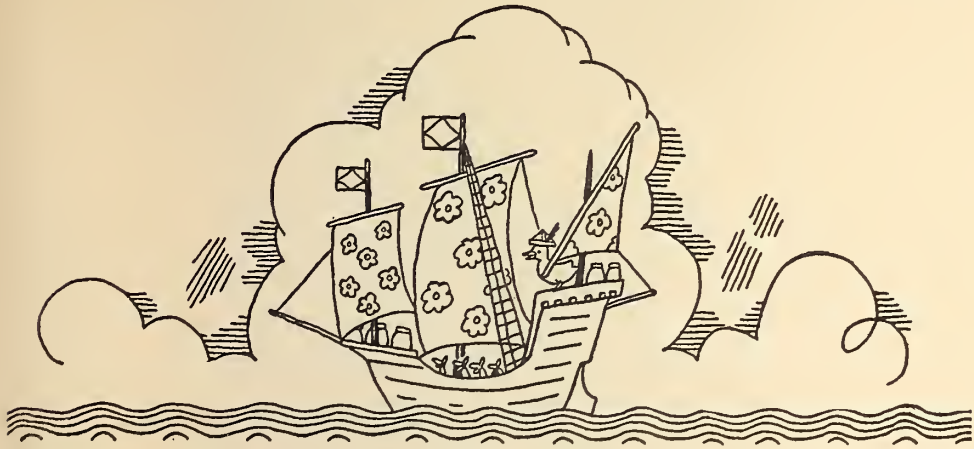
MOTHER MOON

(*A Lie-Awake Song*)

The Moonlight is shining
So white through my window.
The Moon has been walking
All night through the sky,
The way that my mother
Comes walking on tiptoe,
When I'm thinking how slowly
The dark's going by.

The Sun is the father,
The Moon is the mother,
And the stars are the children
Awake in the night.
She stoops down to kiss them
And tuck in the covers,
And when she is going
She leaves them her light.

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR



I SAW A SHIP

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And it was full of pretty things
For baby and for me.

There were sweetmeats in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors
That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain cried, "Quack, quack!"

UNKNOWN

THE CITY MOUSE

The city mouse lives in a house;—
The garden mouse lives in a bower,
He's friendly with the frogs and toads,
And sees the pretty plants in flower.

The city mouse eats bread and cheese;—
The garden mouse eats what he can;
We will not grudge him seeds and stalks,
Poor little timid furry man.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

FOG

The fog comes
on little cat feet.

It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.

CARL SANDBURG

The City Mouse

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB

Mary had a little lamb,
  Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went,
  The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day,
  That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play,
  To see a lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned him out,
  But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
  Till Mary did appear.

And then he ran to her, and laid
  His head upon her arm,
As if he said, "I'm not afraid,
  You'll save me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
  The eager children cry—
"Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
  The teacher did reply.

And you each gentle animal
In confidence may bind,
And make them follow at your will,
If you are only kind.

SARA J. HILL

I'D LOVE TO BE A FAIRY'S CHILD

Children born of fairy stock
Never need for shirt or frock,
Never want for food or fire,
Always get their heart's desire:
Jingle pockets full of gold,
Marry when they're seven years old.
Every fairy child may keep
Two strong ponies and ten sheep;
All have houses, each his own,
Built of brick or granite stone;
They live on cherries, they run wild—
I'd love to be a Fairy's child.

ROBERT GRAVES

DIRTY JIM

There was one little Jim,
'Tis reported of him,
  And must be to his lasting disgrace,
That he never was seen
With hands at all clean,
  Nor yet ever clean was his face.

His friends were much hurt
To see so much dirt,
  And often they made him quite clean;
But all was in vain,
He got dirty again,
  And not at all fit to be seen.

It gave him no pain
To hear them complain,
  Nor his own dirty clothes to survey;
His indolent mind
No pleasure could find
  In tidy and wholesome array.

The idle and bad,
Like this little lad,
  May love dirty ways, to be sure;
But good boys are seen,
To be decent and clean,
  Although they are ever so poor.

JANE TAYLOR

LAUGHING SONG

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by,
And the air does laugh with our merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it;

When the meadows laugh with lively green,
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene,
When Mary and Susan and Emily
With their sweet round mouths sing "Ha, Ha, He!"

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread,
Come live, and be merry, and join with me,
To sing the sweet chorus of "Ha, Ha, He!"

WILLIAM BLAKE

PARLIAMENT HILL

Have you seen the lights of London how they twinkle, twinkle, twinkle,
Yellow lights, and silver lights, and crimson lights and blue?
And there among the other lights is Daddy's little lantern-light,
Bending like a finger-tip, and beckoning to you.

Never was so tall a hill for tiny feet to scramble up,
Never was so strange a world to baffle little eyes,
Half of it as black as ink with ghostly feet to fall on it,
And half of it all filled with lamps and cheerful sounds and cries.
Lamps in golden palaces, and station-lamps, and steamer-lamps,
Very nearly all the lamps that Mother ever knew,

And there among the other lamps is Daddy's little lantern-
lamp
Bending like a finger-tip, and beckoning to you.

H. H. Bashford

THE PASTURE

I'm going out to clean the pasture spring;
I'll only stop to rake the leaves away
(And wait to watch the water clear, I may):
I sha'n't be gone long.—You come too.

I'm going out to fetch the little calf
That's standing by the mother. It's so young,
It totters when she licks it with her tongue.
I sha'n't be gone long.—*You come too.*

Robert Frost

THE BUCCANEER

Danny was a rascal,
  Danny was a scamp;
He carried off a lady doll
  And left her in the damp.

He took her off on Monday;
  On Wednesday in he came
And dumped her gayly on the floor
  Without a bit of shame.

He was not sad or humble,
  He begged nobody's pardon;
He merely barked: "A lady doll
  I found out in the garden!"

NANCY BYRD TURNER

BREEZE

A boy-breeze scampers down the street
And kicks up dust with impish feet.

He whistles shrilly, way off tune
While he makes faces at the moon.

He races with each bird that flies,
He tosses papers to the skies.

And if he sees a stream, he floats
A multitude of leafy boats.

He peeks in nests and tugs at trees
But even with his oddities,

He is the most delightful lad
The Mother Wind has ever had!

COLETTE M. BURNS

AN EXPLANATION OF THE GRASSHOPPER

The Grasshopper, the Grasshopper,
I will explain to you:—
He is the Brownies' racehorse,
The Fairies' Kangaroo.

VACHEL LINDSAY

THE WIND AND THE MOON

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out;
You stare
In the air
Like a ghost in a chair,
Always looking what I am about—
I hate to be watched; I'll blow you out."

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.
So, deep
On a heap
Of clouds to sleep,
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon,
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed; she was there again!
On high
In the sky,
With her one ghost eye,
The Moon shone white and alive and plain.
Said the Wind, "I'll blow you out again."

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew dim.
"With my sledge,
And my wedge,
I have knocked off her edge!
If only I blow right fierce and grim,
The creature will soon be dimmer than dim."

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread.
"One puff
More's enough
To blow her to snuff!
One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go the thread."

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone,
In the air
Nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare;
Far off and harmless the shy stars shone—
Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

The Wind he took to his revels once more;
On down,
In town,
Like a merry-mad clown,
He leaped and halloed with whistle and roar—
"What's that?" The glimmering thread once more!

He flew in a rage—he danced and blew;
But in vain
Was the pain
Of his bursting brain;
For still the broader the Moon-scrap grew,
The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew—till she filled the night,
And shone
On her throne
In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the Wind: "What a marvel of power am I!
With my breath,
Good faith!
I blew her to death—
First blew her away right out of the sky—
Then blew her in; what strength have I!"

But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair;
For high
In the sky,
With her one white eye,
Motionless, miles above the air,
She had never heard the great Wind blare.

GEORGE MACDONALD

APRIL

Something tapped at my window-pane,
Someone called me without my door,
Someone laughed like the tinkle o' rain,
The robin echoed it o'er and o'er.

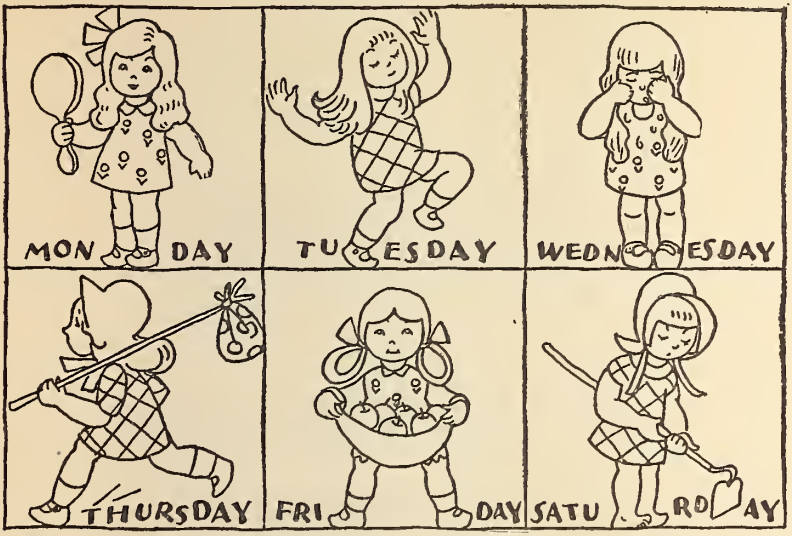
I threw the door and the window wide;
Sun and the touch of the breeze and then—
"Ah, were you expecting me, dear?" she cried,
And here was April come back again.

THEODOSIA GARRISON

A CHINESE NURSERY RHYME

He ran up the candlestick,
The little mousey brown,
To steal and eat tallow,
And he couldn't get down.
He called for his grandma,
But his grandma was in town;
So he doubled up into a wheel
And rolled himself down.

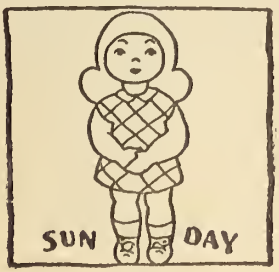
Translated by I. T. HEADLAND



MONDAY'S CHILD

Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace,
Wednesday's child is full of woe,
Thursday's child has far to go.
Friday's child is loving and giving.
Saturday's child works hard for its living.
And a child that's born on the Sabbath day
Is fair and wise and good and gay.

OLD RHYME



COCK ROBIN'S ROUNDELAY

Cock Robin got up early
  At the break of day,
And went to Jenny's window
  To sing a roundelay.

He sang Cock Robin's love
  To the little Jenny Wren,
And when he got unto the end,
  Then he began agen.

UNKNOWN

TROT, TROT!

Every evening Baby goes
  Trot, trot to town,
Across the river, through the fields,
  Up hill and down.

Trot, trot, Baby goes,
Up hill and down,
To buy a feather for her hat,
To buy a woolen gown.

Trot, trot, the Baby goes;
The birds fly down, alack!
"You cannot have our feathers, dear,"
They say, "so please trot back."

Trot, trot, the Baby goes,
The lambs come bleating near.
"You cannot have our wool," they say,
"But we are sorry, dear."

Trot, trot, the Baby goes,
Trot, trot to town;
She buys a red rose for her hat,
She buys a cotton gown.

MARY F. BUTTS

THE BELLS OF LONDON

Gay go up, and gay go down,
To ring the bells of London Town.

Bull's eyes and targets,
Say the bells of Saint Marg'ret's.

Brickbats and tiles,
Say the bells of Saint Giles'.

Half-pence and farthings,
Say the bells of Saint Martin's.

Oranges and lemons
Say the bells of Saint Clement's.

Pancakes and fritters,
Say the bells of Saint Peter's.

Two sticks and an apple,
Say the bells of Whitechapel.

Old Father Baldpate,
Say the slow bells at Aldgate.

Pokers and tongs,
Say the bells of St. John's.

Kettles and pans,
Say the bells of Saint Ann's.

You owe me ten shillings,
Say the bells of Saint Helen's.

When will you pay me?
Say the bells of old Bailey.

When I grow rich,
Say the bells at Shoreditch.

Pray, when will that be?
Say the bells of Stepney.

I am sure I don't know,
Says the great bell at Bow.

UNKNOWN

THE ELF AND THE DORMOUSE

Under a toadstool crept a wee Elf,
Out of the rain to shelter himself.

Under the toadstool, sound asleep,
Sat a big Dormouse all in a heap.

Trembled the wee Elf, frightened, and yet
Fearing to fly away lest he get wet.

To the next shelter—maybe a mile!
Sudden the wee Elf smiled a wee smile.

Tugged till the toadstool toppled in two.
Holding it over him, gaily he flew.

Soon he was safe home, dry as could be.
Soon woke the Dormouse—"Good gracious me!

"Where is my toadstool?" loud he lamented.
And that's how umbrellas first were invented.

OLIVER HERFORD

TWO LITTLE KITTENS

Two little kittens, one stormy night,
Began to quarrel and then to fight;
One had a mouse, and the other had none,
And that was the way the quarrel begun.

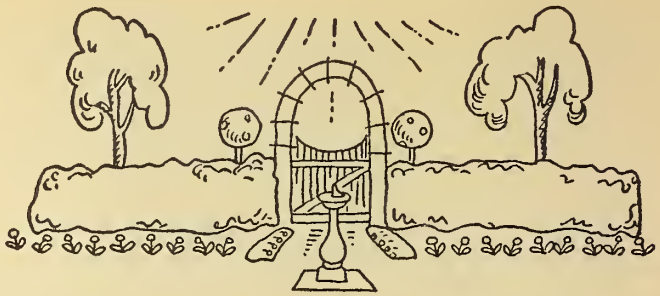
"I'll have that mouse," said the bigger cat.
"You'll have that mouse! We'll see about that!"
"I will have that mouse," said the elder son.
"You won't have that mouse," said the little one.

As I told you before, 'twas a stormy night,
When these two little kittens began to fight;
Then the old woman seized her sweeping broom,
And swept the two kittens right out of the room.

The ground was all covered with frost and snow,
And the two little kittens had nowhere to go:
So they laid themselves down on a mat by the door.
While the angry old woman was sweeping the floor.

And then they crept in as quiet as mice,
All wet with snow, and as cold as ice;
For they found it was better, that stormy night,
To lie down and sleep, than to quarrel and fight.

UNKNOWN



THE GARDEN YEAR

January brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

March brings breezes, loud and shrill,
To stir the dancing daffodil.

April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs
Skipping by their fleecy dams.

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

Hot July brings cooling showers,
Apricots, and gillyflowers.

August brings the sheaves of corn,
Then the harvest home is borne.

Warm September brings the fruit;
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

Fresh October brings the pheasant;
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

Dull November brings the blast;
Then the leaves are whirling fast.

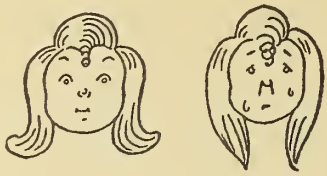
Chill December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire, and Christmas treat.

SARA COLERIDGE

IN THE MOONLIGHT

The Fairies dance the livelong night
Across the moonlit hill;
The moonbeams dance along the lake;
The western wind is still.
The waters make a little sound
More sweet than music far—
Oh, let me fly across the world
To where the Fairies are!

NORREYS JEPHSON O'CONOR



THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL

There was a little girl, who had a little curl
  Right in the middle of her forehead,
And when she was good, she was very, very good,
  But when she was bad she was horrid.

She stood on her head, on her little trundle-bed,
  With nobody by for to hinder;
She screamed and she squalled, she yelled and she bawled,
  And drummed her little heels against the winder.

Her mother heard the noise, and thought it was the boys
  Playing in the empty attic,
She rushed upstairs, and caught her unawares,
  And spanked her most emphatic.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THE BROWN THRUSH

There's a merry brown thrush sitting up in the tree.
He's singing to me! He's singing to me!
  And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
  "Oh, the world's running over with joy!
    Don't you hear? Don't you see?

Hush! Look! In my tree,
I'm as happy as happy can be!"

And the brown thrush keeps singing, "A nest do you see?
And five eggs, hid by me in the juniper tree?
Don't meddle! Don't touch! little girl, little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy!
Now I'm glad! now I'm free!
And I always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
But long it won't be,
Don't you know? Don't you see?
Unless we're as good as can be."

LUCY LARCOM

HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN

I'll tell you how the leaves came down.
The great Tree to his children said:
"You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown,
Yes, very sleepy, little Red.
It is quite time to go to bed."

"Ah!" begged each silly, pouting leaf,
"Let us a little longer stay;
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief!
'Tis such a very pleasant day,
We do not want to go away."

So, just for one more merry day
To the great Tree the leaflets clung,
Frolicked and danced, and had their way,
Upon the autumn breezes swung,
Whispering all their sports among—

"Perhaps the great Tree will forget,
And let us stay until the Spring,
If we all beg, and coax, and fret."
But the great Tree did no such thing;
He smiled to hear them whispering.

"Come, children, all to bed," he cried;
And ere the leaves could urge their prayer,
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them; on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bedclothes heaped upon her arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The great bare Tree looked down and smiled.
"Goodnight, dear little leaves," he said.
And from below each sleepy child
Replied, "Goodnight," and murmured,
"It is so nice to go to bed!"

SUSAN COOLIDGE

A WISH IS QUITE A TINY THING

A wish is quite a tiny thing
Just like a bird upon the wing,
It flies away all fancy free
And lights upon a house or tree;
It flies across the farthest air,
And builds a safe nest anywhere.

ANNETTE WYNNE

MOCKERY

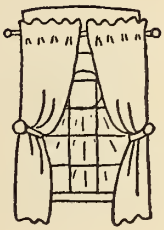
Happened that the moon was up before I went to bed,
Poking through the bramble-trees her round, gold head.
I didn't stop for stocking,
I didn't stop for shoe,
But went running out to meet her—oh, the night was blue!

Barefoot down the hill road, dust beneath my toes;
Barefoot in the pasture smelling sweet of fern and rose!
Oh, night was running with me,
Tame folk were all in bed—
And the moon was just showing her wild gold head.

But before I reached the hilltop where the bramble-trees are tall,
I looked to see my lady moon—she wasn't there at all!
Not sitting on the hilltop,
Not slipping through the air,
Nor hanging in the brambles by her bright gold hair!

I walked slowly down the pasture and slowly up the hill,
Wondering and wondering, and very, very still.
I wouldn't look behind me,
I went at once to bed—
And poking through the window was her bold gold head!

KATHERINE DIXON RIGGS



IF A PIG WORE A WIG

If a pig wore a wig,
  What could we say?
Treat him as a gentleman,
  And say "Good day."

If his tail chanced to fail,
  What could we do?
Send him to the tailoress
  To get one new.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

TWENTY FOOLISH FAIRIES

Somebody left a mirror
  Out on the lawn last night,
And twenty foolish fairies,
  In the dim moonlight,
Mistook it for an ice-pond.
When the morning broke
  Twenty early robins
Chuckled at the joke.

NANCY BYRD TURNER

THE LITTLE ELF

I met a little Elf-man once,
  Down where the lilies blow.
I asked him why he was so small,
  And why he didn't grow.
He slightly frowned, and with his eye
  He looked me through and through.
"I'm quite as big for me," said he,
  "As you are big for you."

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

DAISIES

At evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadows of the night.

And often while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the moon will go;
It is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For, when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all and dropped them down
Into the meadows of the town.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

GRASSHOPPER GREEN

Grasshopper Green is a comical chap;
He lives on the best of fare,
Bright little trousers, jacket and cap,
These are his summer wear.
Out in the meadow he loves to go,
Playing away in the sun;
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,
Summer's the time for fun.

Grasshopper Green has a quaint little house;
It's under the hedge so gay.
Grandmother Spider, as still as a mouse,
Watches him over the way.
Gladly he's calling the children, I know,
Out in the beautiful sun;
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,
Summer's the time for fun.

UNKNOWN

VARIATIONS ON AN OLD NURSERY RHYME

The King of China's daughter
  So beautiful to see,
With her face like yellow water, left
  Her nutmeg tree.

Her little rope for skipping
  She skipped and gave it me—
Made of painted notes of singing-birds
  Among the fields of tea.

I skipped across the nutmeg grove,—
  I skipped across the sea;
But neither sun nor moon, my dear,
  Has yet caught me.

EDITH SITWELL

I MEANT TO DO MY WORK TODAY

I meant to do my work today—
But a brown bird sang in the apple-tree,
And a butterfly flitted across the field,
And all the leaves were calling me.

And the wind went sighing over the land,
Tossing the grasses to and fro,
And a rainbow held out its shining hand—
So what could I do but laugh and go?

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THE WILLOW CATS

They call them Pussy Willows,
But there's not a cat to see,

Except the little furry toes
That stick out on the tree.

I think that very long ago
When I was just born new,
There must have been whole pussy cats
Where just the toes stick through.

And every spring it worries me,
I cannot even find
Those willow cats that ran away
And left their toes behind!

MARGARET WIDDEMER

MAY DAY

Good morning, lords and ladies, it is the first of May;
We hope you'll view our garland, it is so sweet and gay.

The cuckoo sings in April, the cuckoo sings in May,
The cuckoo sings in June, in July she flies away.

The cuckoo drinks cold water to make her sing so clear.
And then she sings Cuckoo! Cuckoo! for three months in the year.

I love my little brother and sister every day
But I seem to love them better in the merry month of May.

COUNTRY RHYME

WHO LIKES THE RAIN?

"I," said the duck. "I call it fun,
For I have my pretty red rubbers on;
They make a little three-toed track,
In the soft, cool mud,—quack! quack!"

"I!" cried the dandelion, "I!
My roots are thirsty, my buds are dry."
And she lifted a towsled yellow head
Out of her green and grassy bed.

"I hope 'twill pour! I hope 'twill pour!"
Purred the tree-toad at his gray bark door,
"For, with a broad leaf for a roof,
I am perfectly weather-proof."

Sang the brook: "I laugh at every drop,
And wish they never need to stop
Till a big, big river I grew to be,
And could find my way to the sea."

"I," shouted Ted, "for I can run,
With high-top boots and rain-coat on,
Through every puddle and runlet and pool
I find on the road to school."

CLARA DOTY BATES

AUTUMN

The morns are meeker than they were,
  The nuts are getting brown;
The berry's cheek is plumper,
  The rose is out of town.

The maple wears a gayer scarf,
  The field a scarlet gown.
Lest I should be old-fashioned,
  I'll put a trinket on.

EMILY DICKINSON

THE FIVE LITTLE FAIRIES

(Finger Play)

Said this little fairy,
"I'm as thirsty as can be!"

Said this little fairy,
"I'm hungry, too! dear me!"

Said this little fairy,
"Who'll tell us where to go?"

Said this little fairy,
"I'm sure that I don't know!"

Said this little fairy,
"Let's brew some Dew-drop Tea!"

So they sipped it and ate honey
Beneath the maple tree.

MAUD BURNHAM

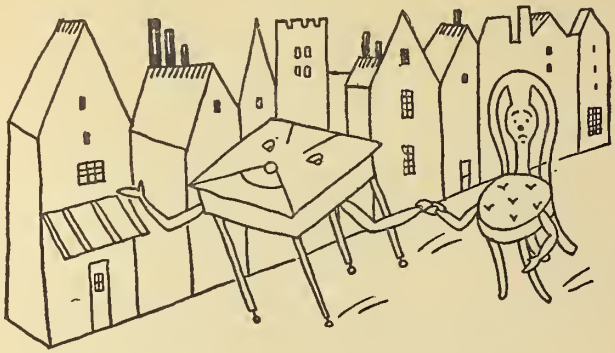
THE COW

Thank you, pretty cow that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day, and every night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank;
But the yellow cowslips eat,
They will make it very sweet.

Where the purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

ANN TAYLOR



THE TABLE AND THE CHAIR

I

Said the Table to the Chair,
"You can hardly be aware
How I suffer from the heat
And from chilblains on my feet.
If we took a little walk,
We might have a little talk;
Pray let us take the air,"
Said the Table to the Chair.

II

Said the Chair unto the Table,
"Now you *know* we are not able:
How foolishly you talk,
When you know we *cannot* walk!"
Said the Table with a sigh,
"It can do no harm to try.

I've as many legs as you:
Why can't we walk on two?"

III

So they both went slowly down,
And walked about the town
With a cheery bumpy sound
As they toddled round and round;
And everybody cried,
As they hastened to their side,
"See! the Table and the Chair
Have come out to take the air!"

IV

But in going down an alley,
To a castle in a valley,
They completely lost their way,
And wandered all the day;
Till, to see them safely back,
They paid a Ducky-quack,
And a Beetle, and a Mouse,
Who took them to their house.

V

Then they whispered to each other,
"O delightful little brother,
What a lovely walk we've taken!
Let us dine on beans and bacon."

So the Ducky and the leetle
Browny-Mousy and the Beetle
Dined, and danced upon their heads
Till they toddled to their beds.

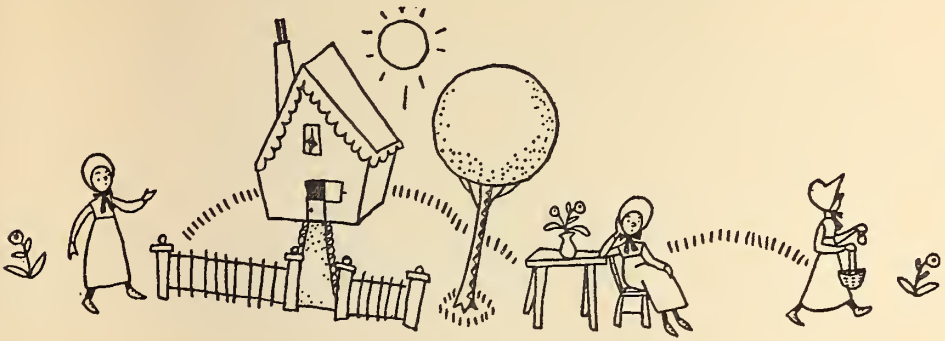
EDWARD LEAR

WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?

Who has seen the wind?
  Neither I nor you:
But when the leaves hang trembling,
  The wind is passing thro'.

Who has seen the wind?
  Neither you nor I:
But when the trees bow down their heads
  The wind is passing by.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI



A HAPPY CHILD

My house is red—a little house,
  A happy child am I,
I laugh and play the livelong day,
  I hardly ever cry.

I have a tree, a green, green tree,
  To shade me from the sun;
When under it I often sit,
  When all my work is done.

My little basket I will take,
  And trip into the town;
When next I'm there I'll buy some cake,
  And spend my bright half-crown.

KATE GREENAWAY

MOON, SO ROUND AND YELLOW

Moon, so round and yellow,
Looking from on high,

How I love to see you
  Shining in the sky.
Oft and oft I wonder,
  When I see you there,
How they get to light you,
  Hanging in the air:

Where you go at morning,
  When the night is past,
And the sun comes peeping
  O'er the hills at last.
Sometime I will watch you
  Slyly overhead,
When you think I'm sleeping
  Snugly in my bed.

MATTHIAS BARR

MY SHADOW

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an India-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me.

One morning very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had staid at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

JIM

There was a Boy whose name was Jim;
His friends were very good to him.
They gave him Tea, and Cakes, and Jam,
And slices of delicious Ham,
And Chocolate with pink inside
And little Tricycles to ride,
And read him Stories through and through,
And even took him to the Zoo—
But there it was the dreadful Fate
Befell him, which I now relate.

You know—at least you ought to know,
For I have often told you so—
That Children never are allowed
To leave their Nurses in a Crowd;
Now this was Jim's especial Foible,
He ran away when he was able,
And on this inauspicious day
He slipped his hand and ran away!

He hadn't gone a yard when—Bang!
With open Jaws, a Lion sprang,
And hungrily began to eat
The Boy: beginning at his feet.
Now, just imagine how it feels
When first your toes and then your heels,

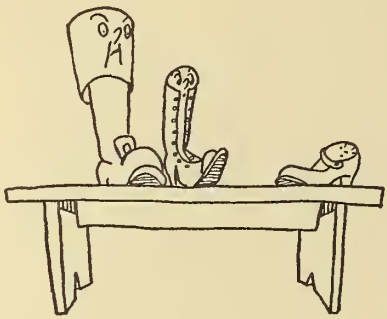
And then by gradual degrees,
Your shins and ankles, calves and knees,
Are slowly eaten, bit by bit.
No wonder Jim detested it!

No wonder that he shouted "Hi!"
The Honest Keeper heard his cry,
Though very fat he almost ran
To help the little gentleman.
"Ponto!" he ordered as he came
(For Ponto was the Lion's name).
"Ponto!" he cried with angry Frown,
"Let go, Sir! Down, Sir! Put it down!"
The Lion made a sudden stop,
He let the Dainty Morsel drop,
And slunk reluctant to his Cage,
Snarling with Disappointed Rage.
But when he bent him over Jim,
The Honest Keeper's Eyes were dim.
The Lion having reached his Head,
The Miserable Boy was dead!

When Nurse informed his Parents, they
Were more concerned than I can say:—
His Mother, as she dried her eyes,
Said, "Well—it gives me no surprise,
He would not do as he was told!"
His Father, who was self-controlled,

Bade all the children round attend
To James's miserable end,
And always keep a-hold of Nurse
For fear of finding something worse.

HILAIRE BELLOC



HIGH AND LOW

A Boot and a Shoe and a Slipper
Lived once in a Cobbler's row;
  But the Boot and the Shoe
  Would have nothing to do
With the Slipper, because she was low.

But the king and the queen and their daughter
On the Cobbler chanced to call;
  And as neither the Boot
  Nor the Shoe would suit
The Slipper went off to the Ball.

JOHN BANISTER TABB

PLEASE

Please be careful where you tread,
  The fairies are about;
Last night when I had gone to bed,
  I heard them creeping out.
And wouldn't it be a dreadful thing
  To do a fairy harm?
To crush a little delicate wing
  Or bruise a tiny arm?
They're all about the place, I know,
So do be careful where you go.

Please be careful what you say,
  They're often very near,
And though they turn their heads away
  They cannot help but hear.
And think how terribly you would mind
  If, even for a joke,

You said a thing that seemed unkind
To the dear little fairy folk.
I'm sure they're simply everywhere
So *promise* me that you'll take care.

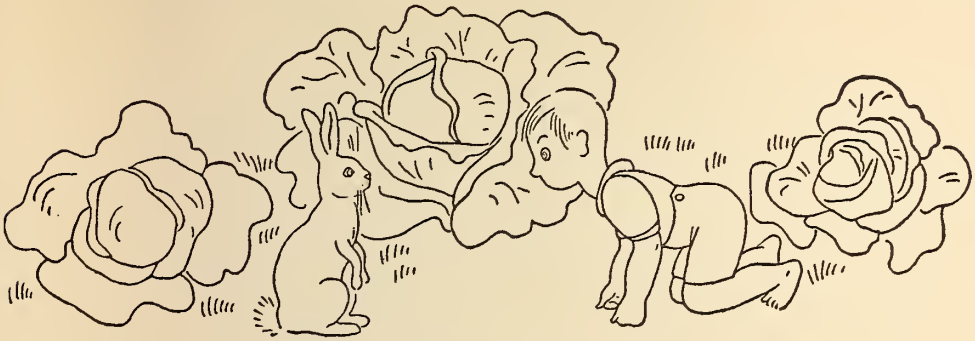
ROSE FYLEMAN

THE LOST DOLL

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day;
And I cried for more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arm trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled;
Yet for old sake's sake she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

CHARLES KINGSLEY



THE RABBIT

When they said the time to hide was mine,
I hid back under a thick grape vine.

And while I was still for the time to pass,
A little gray thing came out of the grass.

He hopped his way through the melon bed
And sat down close by a cabbage head.

He sat down close where I could see,
And his big still eyes looked hard at me,

His big eyes bursting out of the rim,
And I looked back very hard at him.

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

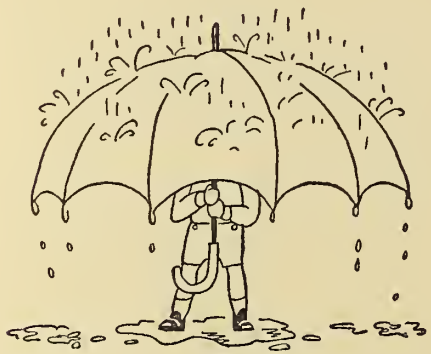
LIONS AND DRAGONS

Snap-Dragons and Dande-Lions
Are not so very wild—
I never yet saw one forget
And try to hurt a child.

A Dande-Lion never ROARS
Not even once, for fun;
Nor waves his tail with angry wail—
Because he hasn't one!

A Snap-Dragon will never snap
No matter how he feels,
Except to try to catch a fly
To brighten up his meals.

DOROTHY ALDIS



RAIN

The rain is raining all around,
  It rains on field and tree,
It rains on the umbrellas here,
  And on the ships at sea.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

FOOT SOLDIERS

'Tis all the way to Toe-town,
  Beyond the Knee-high hill,
That Baby has to travel down
  To see the soldiers drill.

One, two, three, four, five, a-row—
  A captain and his men—
And on the other side, you know,
  Are six, seven, eight, nine, ten.

JOHN BANISTER TABB

WILL YOU WALK A LITTLE FASTER?

"Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail.
"There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on
  my tail.
See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!
They are waiting on the shingle—will you come and join the
  dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?

"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be,
When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters out to sea!"
But the snail replied, "Too far, too far!" and gave a look askance—
Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the dance.

"What matters it how far we go?" his scaly friend replied.
"There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.
The further off from England, the nearer is to France—
Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance,
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance.
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?"

LEWIS CARROLL

LAVENDER'S BLUE

Lavender's blue, Dilly, dilly,
Lavender's green,
When I am king, Dilly, dilly,
You shall be queen.
Call up your men, Dilly, dilly,
Set them to work,
Some to the plough, Dilly, dilly,
Some to the cart;
Some to make hay, Dilly, dilly,
Some to thrash corn;
Whilst you and I, Dilly, dilly,
Keep ourselves warm.

UNKNOWN

THE NUT TREE

I had a little nut tree,
Nothing would it bear

But a silver nutmeg,
And a golden pear.

The King of Spain's daughter
Came to visit me,
And all was because of
My little nut tree.

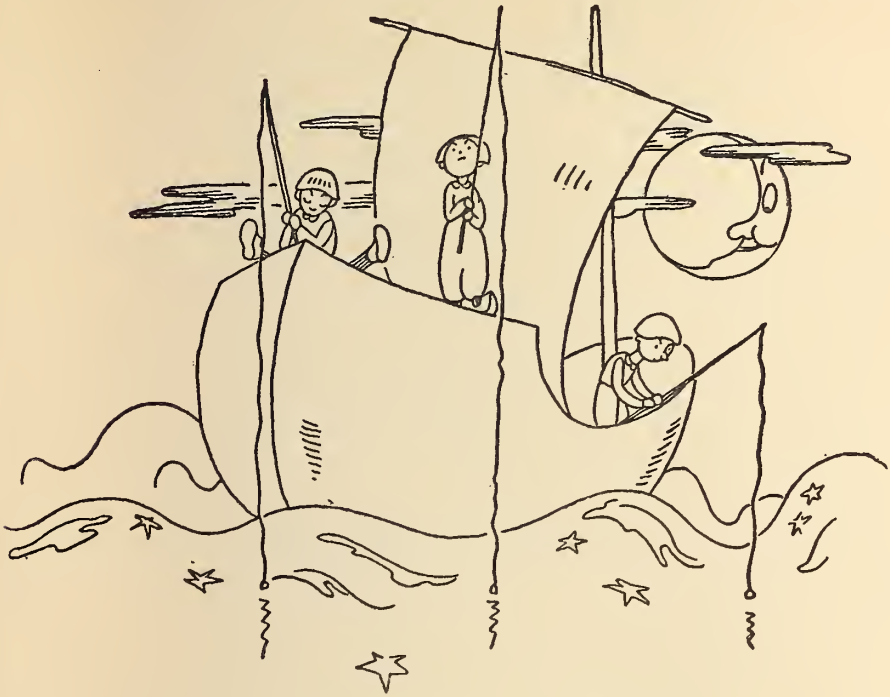
I skipped over the water,
I danced over the sea,
And all the birds in the air
Could not catch me.

UNKNOWN

EARLY

I was up so tiptoe early
That the flowers were all pearly
As they waited in their places
For the sun to dry their faces.

DOROTHY ALDIS



WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
  Sailed off in a wooden shoe,—
Sailed on a river of crystal light
  Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
  The old moon asked the three.
We have come to fish for the herring fish
  That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!"

Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea—
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,—
Never afeard are we!"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three.
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam,—
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe.
Bringing the fishermen home:
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while Mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:—
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

EUGENE FIELD

THE LAMB

Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee;
He is called by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild;
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.
Little Lamb, God bless thee!
Little Lamb, God bless thee.

WILLIAM BLAKE

CURRANTS ON A BUSH

Currants on a bush,
And figs upon a stem,
And cherries on a bending bough,
And Ned to gather them.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

THE STAR

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is set,
And the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

When the traveler in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark,
He could not see where to go
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveler in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

JANE TAYLOR

NURSE'S SONG

When the voices of children are heard on the green
And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast
And everything else is still.

Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down
And the dews of night arise;
Come, come, leave off play, and let us away
Till the morning appears in the skies.

No, no, let us play, for it is yet day
And we cannot go to sleep;
Besides in the sky the little birds fly
And the hills are all covered with sheep.

Well, well, go and play till the light fades away
And then go home to bed.
The little ones leaped and shouted and laughed
And all the hills echoed.

WILLIAM BLAKE

THE MOON'S THE NORTH WIND'S COOKY

(*What the little girl said*)

The Moon's the North Wind's cooky.
He bites it, day by day,
Until there's but a rim of scraps
That crumble all away.

The South Wind is a baker.
He kneads clouds in his den,
And bakes a crisp new moon *that . . . greedy*
North . . . Wind . . . eats . . . again!

VACHEL LINDSAY

THE PANCAKE

Mix a pancake,
Stir a pancake,
  Pop it in the pan;
Fry the pancake,
Toss the pancake,—
  Catch it if you can.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

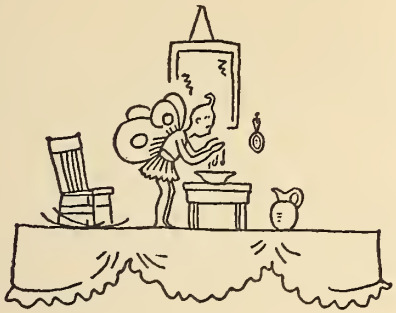
OCTOBER'S PARTY

October gave a party;
The leaves by hundreds came—
The Chestnuts, Oaks, and Maples,
And leaves of every name.
And sunshine spread a carpet,
And everything was grand,
Miss Weather led the dancing,
Professor Wind the band.

The Chestnuts came in yellow,
The Oaks in crimson dressed;
The lovely Misses Maple
In scarlet looked their best;
All balanced to their partners,
And gaily fluttered by;
The sight was like a rainbow
New fallen from the sky.

Then, in the rustic hollow,
At hide-and-seek they played,
The party closed at sundown,
And everybody stayed.
Professor Wind played louder;
They flew along the ground;
And then the party ended
In jolly "hands around."

GEORGE COOPER



THE CHILD AND THE FAIRIES

The woods are full of fairies!
The trees are all alive:
The river overflows with them,
See how they dip and dive!
What funny little fellows!
What dainty little dears!
They dance and leap, and prance and peep,
And utter fairy cheers!

I'd like to tame a fairy,
To keep it on a shelf,
To see it wash its little face,
And dress its little self.
I'd teach it pretty manners,
It always should say "Please";
And then you know I'd make it sew,
And curtsey with its knees!

"A"

THE FAITHLESS FLOWERS

I went this morning down to where the Johnny-Jump-Ups
grow
Like naughty purple faces nodding in a row.
I stayed 'most all the morning there—I sat down on a stump
And watched and watched and watched them—
and they never gave a jump!

And Golden Glow that stands up tall and yellow by the
fence,
It doesn't glow a single bit—it's only just pretense—
I ran down after tea last night to watch them in the dark—
I had to light a match to see; they didn't give a spark!

And then the Bouncing Bets don't bounce—I tried them
yesterday,
I picked a big pink bunch down in the meadow where they
stay,
I took a piece of string I had and tied them in a ball,
And threw them down as hard as hard—they never bounced
at all!

And Tiger Lilies may look fierce to meet them all alone,
All tall and black and yellowy and nodding by a stone,
But they're no more like tigers than the dogwood's like a dog,
Or bulrushes are like a bull or toadwort like a frog!

I like the flowers very much—they're pleasant as can be
For bunches on the table, and to pick and wear and see,
But still it doesn't seem quite fair—it does seem very queer—
They don't do what they're named for—not at any time of year!

MARGARET WIDDEMER

BOATS SAIL ON THE RIVERS

Boats sail on the rivers,
And ships sail on the seas;
But clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven,
And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

BED IN SUMMER

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree.
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

He rides to the East, and he rides to the West,
Of his goodies he touches not one;
He eateth the crumbs of the Christmas Feast
When the dear little folks are done.
Old Santa Claus doeth all that he can;
This beautiful mission is his;
Then, children, be good to the little old man,
When you find who the little man is.

UNKNOWN

EVENING SONG

Little Child, Good Child, go to sleep.
The tree-toads purr and the peepers peep;
Under the apple-tree grass grows deep;
Little Child, Good Child, go to sleep!

Big star out in the orange west;
Orioles swung in their gypsy nest;
Soft wind singing what you love best;
Rest till the sunrise; rest, Child, rest!

Swift dreams swarm in a silver flight.—
Hand in hand with the sleepy Night
Lie down soft with your eyelids tight.—
Hush, Child, little Child! Hush.—Good-night.

FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

A CHRISTMAS FOLK SONG

The little Jesus came to town;
The wind blew up, the wind blew down;
Out in the street the wind was bold;
Now who would house Him from the cold?

Then opened wide the stable door,
Fair were rushes on the floor;
The Ox put forth a horned head:
"Come, little Lord, here make Thy bed."

Up rose the Sheep were folded near;
"Thou Lamb of God, come, enter here."
He entered there to rush and reed,
Who was the Lamb of God indeed.

The little Jesus came to town;
With ox and sheep He laid Him down;
Peace to the byre, peace to the fold,
For that they housed Him from the cold!

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

CHRISTMAS SONG

Why do bells for Christmas ring?
Why do little children sing?

Once a lovely, shining star,
Seen by shepherds from afar,
Gently moved until its light
Made a manger-cradle bright.
There a darling baby lay
Pillowed soft upon the hay.
And his mother sang and smiled,
"This is Christ, the holy child."

So the bells for Christmas ring.
So the little children sing.

LYDIA AVERY COONLEY WARD

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

The Christ-child lay on Mary's lap,
His hair was like a light.
(O weary, weary were the world,
But here is all aright.)

The Christ-child lay on Mary's breast,
His hair was like a star.
(O stern and cunning are the kings,
But here the true hearts are.)

The Christ-child lay on Mary's heart,
His hair was like a fire.
(O weary, weary is the world,
But here the world's desire.)

The Christ-child stood at Mary's knee,
His hair was like a crown,
And all the flowers looked up at him,
And all the stars looked down.

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON

A CHILD'S PRAYER

(*Ex Ore Infantium*)

Little Jesus, wast Thou shy
Once, and just so small as I?
And what did it feel like to be
Out of Heaven, and just like me?
Didst Thou sometimes think of *there,*
And ask where all the angels were?
I should think that I would cry
For my house all made of sky;
I would look about the air,
And wonder where my angels were;
And at waking 'twould distress me—
Not an angel there to dress me!

Hadst Thou ever any toys,
Like us little girls and boys?
And didst Thou play in Heaven with all
The angels, that were not too tall,
With stars for marbles? Did the things
Play *Can you see me?* through their wings?

Didst Thou kneel at night to pray
And didst Thou join Thy hands, this way?
And did they tire, sometimes, being young?
And make the prayer seem very long?
And dost Thou like it best, that we,
Should join our hands to pray to Thee?
(I used to think, before I knew
The prayer not said unless we do.)
And did Thy Mother at the night
Kiss Thee, and fold the clothes in right?
And didst Thou feel quite good in bed,
Kissed, and sweet, and Thy prayers said?

Thou canst not have forgotten all
That it feels like to be small:
And Thou know'st I cannot pray
To Thee in my father's way—
When Thou wast so little, say
Could'st Thou talk The Father's way?—
So, a little Child, come down
And hear a child's tongue like Thy own;
Take me by the hand and walk,
And listen to my baby-talk.
To Thy Father show my prayer
(He will look, Thou art so fair),
And say: "O Father, I, Thy Son,
Bring the prayer of a little one."

And He will smile, that children's tongue
Hast not changed since Thou wast young!

FRANCIS THOMPSON

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